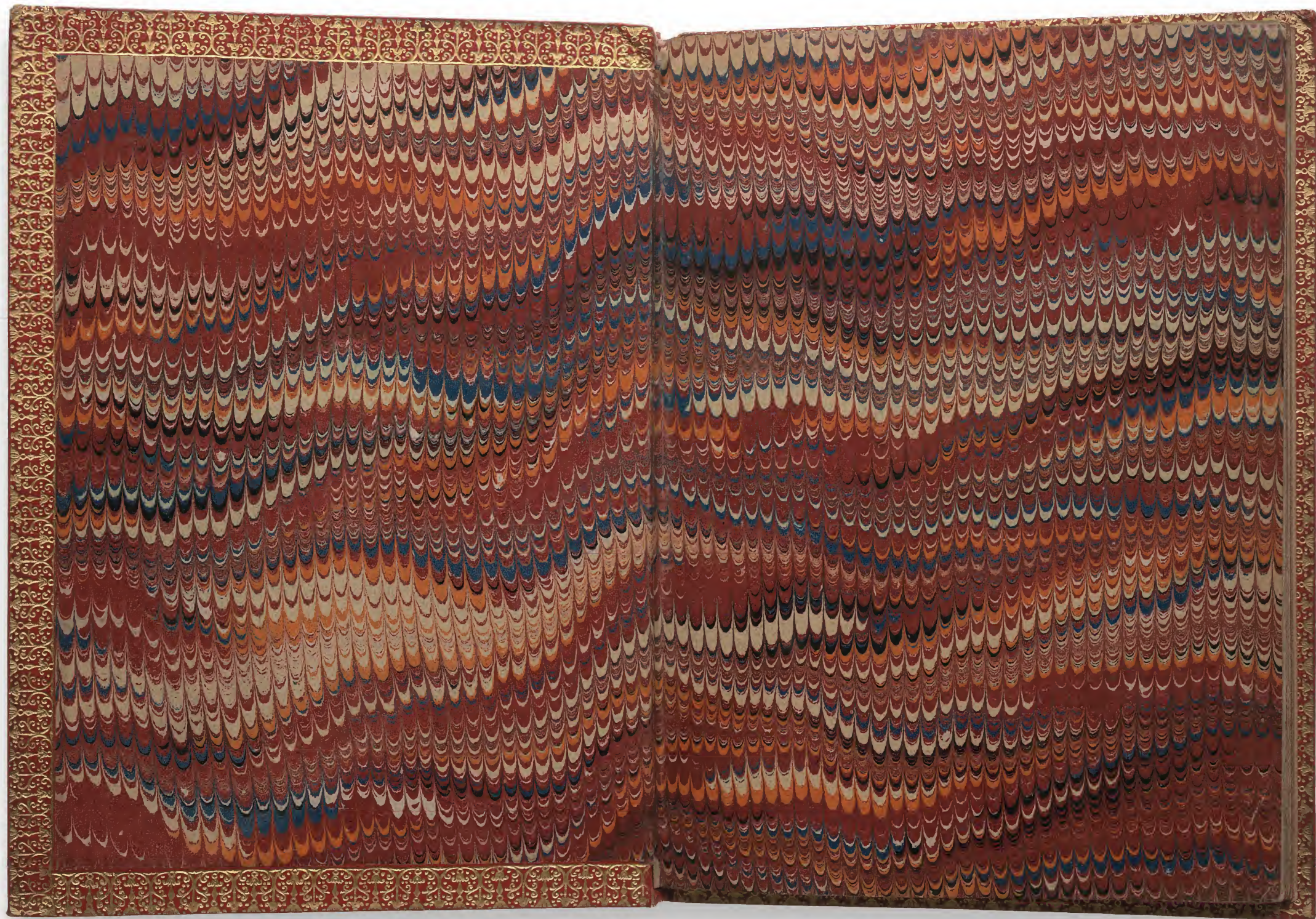


C. 34

SHAKSPERE. HENRIE THE FOURTH. PART I. LONDON. 1598.









THE  
HISTORY OF  
HENRIE THE  
FOVRTH; C. 34. k. 5<sup>th</sup>

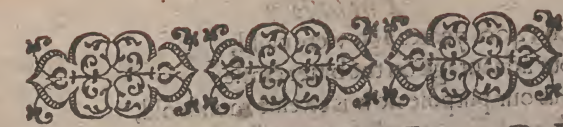
With the battell at Shrewsburie,  
*betweene the King and Lord*  
Henry Percy, surnamed  
Henric Hotspur of  
the North.

*With the humorous conceits of Sir*  
Iohn Falstaffe.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by P. S. for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling  
in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of  
the Angell. 1598.





# THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, with others.*

*King.*

O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accents of new broiles  
To be commended in stronds a far remote:  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile  
Shal dawbe her lips with her own childrens blood,  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flourets with the armed hooves  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eies,  
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,  
Al of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rankes,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.  
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his maister: therefore friends,  
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,  
Whose soldiour now, vnder whose blessed crosse  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we leauy,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

A.2

Which



*The history*

Which 1400. yeares ago were naild,  
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse.  
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,  
And bootlesse tis to tell you we wil go.  
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,  
What yesternight our counsell did decree  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down.  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales, loden with heavy newes,  
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight  
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered,  
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misfule,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welch-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame; retould, or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our businesse for the holy land.

*West.* This matcht with other did, my gracious L.  
For more vneuen and vnwelcōme newes  
Came from the North, and thus it did import,  
On holly rode day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,  
That euer valiant and approued Scot,  
At Holmedon met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shap of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them in the very heart  
And pride of their contention, did take horse  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is deere, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt new lighted from his horse,

Staind

*of Henrie the fourth.*

Staind with the variation of each soile,  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this feat of ours:  
And he hath brought vs smother and welcom newes,  
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bould Scots, two and twenty knights  
Balkt in their own blood. Did sir Walter see  
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke  
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne,  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,  
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honorable spoile?  
A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

*West.* A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou makst me sad, and makst me sinne  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:

A sonne, who is the theame of honors tongue,  
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,  
Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him  
See ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prou'd  
That some night tripping fairy had exchang'd,  
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,

And cald mine Percy, his Plantagenet,  
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:  
But let him from my thoughts. What think you coose  
Of this young Percies pride? The prisoners  
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd  
To his own vse, he keepes and sends me word  
I shal haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

*West.* This is his vncl's teaching. This is Worcester,  
Maleuolent to you in all aspects,  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem,

A, 3

Coosen



*The Historie*

Cooſen on wedneſday next our counſel we wil hold  
At Windſore, ſo informe the Lords:  
But come, your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,  
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will my liege. *Exeunt.*

*Enter prince of Wales, and Sir John Falſtaffe.*

*Falſt.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

*Prince.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde ſacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches  
after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaunde that truelie  
which thou wouldeſt truelie knowe. What a diuell haſt thou to  
do with the time of the daie? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſacke,  
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and  
Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne  
himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured taſſata; I ſee no  
reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſo ſuperfluous to demaunde the  
time of the day.

*Falſt.* Indeepe you come neere me now *Hal*, for wee that  
take purſes go by the moone and the ſeuē ſtars, and not by  
*Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethe ſweet  
wag when thou art a king, as God ſaue thy grace: maieltie I  
ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none?

*Falſt.* No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee pro-  
logue to an egge and butter.

*Prin.* Wel, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Falſt.* Marry then ſweet wag, when thou art king let not vs  
that are ſquiers of the nights bodie, bee called theeues of the  
daies beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* forreſters, gentlemen of the  
ſhade, minions of the moone, and let men ſay wee be men of  
good gouernement, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble  
and chaſt miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenaunce  
we ſteale.

*Prince.* Thou ſaielt well, and it holds wel to, for the fortune  
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea,  
being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for prooſe. Now  
a purſe

*of Henrie the fourth.*

a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Munday night and  
moſt diſſolutely ſpent on tueſday morning, got with ſwearing,  
lay by, and ſpent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe  
as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the  
ridge of the gallows.

*Falſt.* By the Lord thou ſaiſt true lad, and is not my hoſteſſe  
of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

*Prin.* As the hony of *Hבל* my old lad of the caſtle, and is  
not a buſſe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

*Falſt.* How now, how nowe mad wag, what in thy quips  
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buſſe  
Ierkin?

*Prince.* Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hoſteſſe of  
the tauerne?

*Falſt.* Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Falſt.* No, ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

*Prin.* Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coine would ſtretch,  
and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

*Falſt.* Yea, and ſo vs'd it that were it not here apparant that  
thou art heire apparant. But I prethe ſweet wag, ſhall there be  
gallows ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſo-  
lution thus ſubd as it is with the ruſty curbe of olde father An-  
ticke the law, do not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

*Prince.* No, thou ſhalt.

*Falſt.* Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

*Prin.* Thou iudgeſt falſe already, I meane thou ſhalt haue  
the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

*Falſt.* Well *Hal* well, and in ſome fort it iumpes with my  
humour, as well as waighing in the Court I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of ſuites?

*Falſt.* Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the hangman  
hath no leane wardrob. Zbloud I am as melancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a lugg beare.

*Prin.* Or an old lyon, or a londers Lute.

*Falſt.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

*Prince.* What ſaielt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of  
Mooreditch?



Mooreditch? *Falst.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascaliest sweer yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I woulde to God thou and I knewe where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely and in the street to: *Prin.* Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

*Falst.* O thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vpon me *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake trulie, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee dainnd for neuer a kings sonne in Christendom.

*Prin.* Where shal we take a purse to morrow Iacke? *Falst.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me:

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why *Hall*, tis my vocation *Hall*, tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation. Enter *Poyntes*.

*Poyntes* nowe shall we knowe if *Gadshill* haue set a match. O if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cried, stand, to a true man.

*Prin.* Good morrow *Ned*? *Poyntes.* Good morrow sweete *Hal*: What saies Monsieur remorse? what saies sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar? howe agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule that thou souldest him on good friday last for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge.

*Prince.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breake of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

*Poyntes*

*Poyntes.* Then art thou damnd for keeping thy worde with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else hee had bin damnd for coosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gadshill*, there are pilgrims going to Canturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you al: you haue horses for your selues, *Gadshill* lies to night in *Rocheester*, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in *Eastcheape*: we may do it as secure as sleepe, if you will go I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarie at home and be hangd.

*Falst.* Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, ile hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chops.

*Falst.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who I rob, I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

*Falst.* Theres neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camst not of the bloud roiall, if thou darst not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my dayes ile be a madcap.

*Falst.* Why thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what wil, ile tarie at home.

*Falst.* By the lord ile be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and mee alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture that he shall go.

*Falst.* Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares, may be belueued, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false thiefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in *Eastcheape*.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell *Alhallowne* summer.

*Poin.* Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falst.* *Halfe* *Haruey*, *Rosill*, and *Gadshill*, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

B.i.

*Prin.*



*The Historie*

*Prin.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then wil they aduenture vpo the exploit themselues, which they shal haue no sooner atchieued but wee set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shal not see, ile tie them in the wood, our vizards wee wil change after wee leaue them: and furth, I haue cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

*Po.* Wel, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest wil be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue wil tel vs when we meet at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with, what wardes, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this liues the iest.

*Prin.* Well, ile goe with thee, prouide vs all thinges necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there ile sup: farewell.

*Po.* Farewel my Lord. *Exit Paines.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and wil a while vphold  
The vnyokt humour of your idlenes,  
Yet herein wil I imitate the sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beautie from the world,  
That when he p'case againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted he may be more wondred at  
By breaking through the foule and ougly mists  
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.  
If all the yeere were playing holly-dayes,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

*of Henrie the fourth.*

By how much better then my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,  
My reformation glittering ore my fault,  
Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eyes  
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.  
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men thinke least I wil. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,  
sir Walter blunt, with others.*

*King.* My blood hath bin too colde and temperate,  
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you haue found me for accordingly  
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe  
Mightie, and to be searde, then my condition  
Which hath bin smooth as oile, soft as yong downe,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soule neare payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne liege) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnes to be vld on it,  
And that same greatnesse to, which our owne hands  
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

*King.* Worcester get thee gone for I do see  
Danger, and disobedience in thine eie:  
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptorie,  
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
The moodie frontier of a seruant browe,  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs, when we need  
Your vse and counsel we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*  
You were about to speake.

*North.* Yea my good Lord,  
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,  
Were as he saies, not with such strength denied  
As is deliuered to your maiestie.  
Either enuie therefore, or misprision,  
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

B.ii.

*Hotsp.*



*The Historie*

*Hotsp.* My liege, I did denie no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toile,  
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new rept,  
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home,  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he helde  
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
He gaue his nose, and tooke away againe;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there  
Tooke it in snuffe, and still hee smild and talkt:  
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,  
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerlie,  
To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarse  
Betwixt the winde and his nobilitie:  
With many holly-day and ladie termes  
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,  
Out of my griefe and my impaciencie  
Answerd negleetingly, I know not what  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad  
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,  
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the mark:  
And telling me the soueraignest thing on earth  
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,  
And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
This villanous saltpeeter, should be digd  
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns  
He would himselfe haue beene a souldior.  
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

*of Henrie the fourth.*

And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come curreant for an accusation  
Betwixt my loue and your high maiestie.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my lord,  
What ere Lord *Harry Percie* then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and neuer rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

*King.* Why yet he doth denie his prisoners,  
But with prouiso and exception,  
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight  
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,  
Who on my soule, hath wilfully betraid  
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight  
Against that great Magitian, damnd Glendower,  
Whose daughter as we heare, that Earle of March  
Hath lately married: shall our coffer then  
Be emptied, to redeeme a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares  
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountaines let him starue:  
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost  
To ransome home reuolted Mortimer,

*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer:  
He neuer did fall off, my foueraigne liege  
But by the chance of war, to proue that true:  
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,  
When on the gentle Seuerns siedgie banke,  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an houre,  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,  
Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke  
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns floud,  
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

B.iii.

Ran



*The Historie.*

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatants,  
Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer  
Receiue so many, and all willingly,  
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:

I tel thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirrha, henceforth

Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,

Or you shal heare in such a kind from me

As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland:

We licence your departure with your sonne,

Send vs your prisoners, or you wil heare of it. *Exit King*

*Hot.* And if the diuel come and rore for them

I wil not send them: I will after straight

And tel him so, for I will ease my hart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor.* What? dronk with choler, stay, & pause a while,

Here comes your vncke. *Enter Wor.*

*Hot.* Speake of Mortimer?

Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule

Want mercy if I do not ioine with him:

Yea on his part, ile empty all these vaines,

And shed my deere bloud, drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,

As this ingrate and cankerd Bullingbrooke.

*Nor.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad,

*Wor.* Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

*Hot.* He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,

And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe

Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

*of Henrie the fourth.*

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was nor he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?

*North.* He was, I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the vnhappy king,

(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth

Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did returne

To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth

Liue scandaliz'd and fouly spoken of.

*Hot.* But soft, I pray you did king Richard then

Proclaime my brother Edmund Mortimer

Heire to the crowne?

*North.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his coosen king,

That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue,

But shal it be that you that set the crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetful man,

And for his sake weare the detested blot

Of murthe, ous subornation? shal it be

That you a world of curses vndergo,

Being the agents, or base second meanes,

The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather,

O pardon me that I descend so low,

To shew the line and the predicament,

Wherein you range vnder this subtil king!

Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,

Or fil vp Chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,

(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)

To put down Richard, that sweet louely Rose,

And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?

And shal it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are foold, di'carded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,



*The Historie.*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reuenge the ieking and disdaind contempt  
Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace coosen, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile reade you matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to orewalke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, god-right, or sinke, or swim,  
Send danger from the East vnto the West.  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs  
To roule a lyon than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.  
By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honour from the pale fac'd moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without continuall ail her dignities,  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I crie you mercie.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all;  
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,  
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

*Ile*

*of Henry the fourth.*

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no care vnto my purposes:  
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay I will: thats flat:  
He said he would not ransome Mortimer,  
For bad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,  
But I will find him when he lies asleepe,  
And in his eare ile hollow Mortimer:  
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe taught to speake  
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you coosen a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly desie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullenbrooke,  
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I thinke his father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewel kinsman, ile talke to you  
When you are better temperd to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a waspe-stung and impatient foole  
Art thou? to breake into this womans moode,  
Tying thine care to no tounge but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,  
Netled and stung with pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke,  
In Richards time, what do you call the place?

A plague vpon it, it is in Glocestershire;  
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vnckle kept  
His vnckle Yorke, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullenbrooke:  
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

*North.* At Barkly castle.

*Hot.* You say true,  
Why what a candy deale of curtesie,  
This fawning greyhound then did profer me,  
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,  
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coosen:

*C.1*

*O the*



*The history*

O the diuill take such coofoners, god forgie me,  
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We wil stay your leifure.

*Hot.* I haue done I faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome ftraight,  
And make the Douglas fonne your only meane  
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reafons  
Which I fhall fend you written, be afur'd  
Wil eafely be granted you my Lord.

Your fonne in Scotland being thus employed,  
Shal fecretly into the bofome creepe  
Of that fame noble prelat welbelou'd,  
The Archbifhop.

*Hot.* Of Yorke, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at Bristow the lord Scroop,  
I fpeake not this in eftimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,  
And onely ftayes but to behold the face  
Of that occafion that fhall bring it on.

*Hot.* I fmell it. Vpon my life it will do well.

*Nor.* Before the game is afote thou ftill letft flip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot chufe but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,  
To ioine with Mortimer, ha.

*Wor.* And fo they fhall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.

*Wor.* And tis no little reafon bids vs fpeed,  
To fawe our heads by raifing of a head,  
For beare our felues as euen as we can,  
The king will alwaies thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And fee already how he doth begin  
To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*

*of Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* He does, he does, wee le be reueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Coofen farewell. No further go in this,  
Then I by letters fhall direct your courfe  
When time is ripe, which will be fuddenly,  
He fteale to Glendower, and Lo: Mortimer,  
Where you and Douglas, and our powres at once,  
As I will fafhion it fhall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our own ftrong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

*Nor.* Farewell good brother, we fhall chriue I trust.

*Hot.* Vncle adieu: O let the houres be fhort,  
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our fport. *Exunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand*

*1 Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day ile be hangd,  
Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horfe not  
packt. What Ofiler.

*Of.* Anon, anon.

*1 Car.* I preethe Tom beat Cuts faddle, put a few flockes in  
the point, poore iade is wroong in the withers, out of all celfe.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*2 Car.* Peafe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that  
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houfe is turned  
vpfide downe fince Robin Ofiler died.

*1 Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioied fince the prife of Oates rofe,  
it was the death of him.

*2 Car.* I thinke this be the moft villainous houfe in al London  
road for fleas, I am ftung like a Tench.

*1 Car.* Like a Tench, by the Maffe there is nere a King chri-  
ften could be better bit then I haue bin fince the firft cocke.

*2 Car.* Why they will allowe vs nere a Iordane, and then we  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like  
a loach.

*1 Car.* What Ofiler, come away and be hangd, come away.

*2 Car.* I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of Gin-  
ger, to be deliuered as far as Charing crosse.

*1 Car.* Gods bodie, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-  
ued: what Ofiler? a plague on thee. haft thou neuer an eye in thy  
head? canft not heare, and twere not as good deede as drinke to

C 2

break



*The history*

break the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come and be hangd,  
hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gadshill.* Good morrow Carriers, whats a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

*1 Car.* Nay by God soft, I knowe a tricke worth two of that I faith.

*Gad.* I pray thee lend me thine.

*2 Car.* I when canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile see thee hangd first.

*Gad.* Sirrha Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

*2 Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee, come neighbour Mugs, wee call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho: Chamberlaine.

*Cham.* At hand quoth pickepurse.

*Gad.* Thats euen as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou laiest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow maister Gadshill, it holdes currant that I tolde you yesternight, ther's a Frankelin in the wilde of Kent hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and cal for Egges and butter, they wil away presently.

*Gad.* Sirrha, if they meete not with Saint Nicholas clearkes, ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippst Saint Nicholas, as trulie as a man offalshood may.

*Ga.* What talkest thou to me of the hāgman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

*of Henrie the fourth.*

Troians that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe fixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great Oneyres, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continuallie to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will shee hold out water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castell cocksure: wee haue the receyte of Ferneseede, wee walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue mee thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell you muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Feto &c.*

*Po.* Come shelter shelter, I haue remoude Falstalfes horse, and he flets like a glum Veluet.

*Prin.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Falst.* Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

*Falst.* Wheres Poynes Hall?

*Prin.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

*Falst.* am accurst to rob in that theeues companie the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tied him I knowe not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne his companie hourly any time this xxii. yeares, and yet I am be-

C.iii.

witch



*The Historie*

wicht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make mee loue him, ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile rob a foote further, and twere not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-score and ten myles a foote with mee, and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another:

*They whistle,*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd:

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, laie thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou canst heare the treade of trauellers.

*Falst.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being down, zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre a foote againe for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Falst.* I preethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out ye rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Falst.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters, if I be tane, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthie tunes, let a cuppe of sacke bee my poyson, when a ieaft is so forward, and a foote too I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Falst.* So I do against my will.

*Po.* O tis our setter, I know his voice, Bardoll, what newes.

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee on with your vizards, theres money of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Falst.* You lie ye rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* Theres inough to make vs all:

*Falst.* To be hangd.

*Prin.* Sirs you foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I wil walke lower, if they scape from your encoun-

ter

*of Henrie the fourth.*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal* Zounds will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What, a coward sir Iohn paunch.

*Fal.* In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hall.

*Prin.* Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

*Po.* Sirha lacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell & stand fast.

*Fal.* Now can not I strike him if I should be hangd.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Po.* Herc, hard by, stand close.

*Fal.* Now my maisters, happie man bee his dole, say I, euerie man to his businesse. *Enter the trauailers.*

*Trauel.* Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses down the hill, weele walke a foote a while and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus bleffe vs.

*Falst.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates, a horefon Caterpillars, bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O we are vudone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone, no yee fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons on, what yee knaues yong men must liue, you are grand iurers, are ye, weele iure ye faith.

*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

*Enter the prince and Poynes.*

*Prin.* The theeues haue bound the true men, nowe coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merilie to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Po.* Stand close, I heare them comming:

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fal.* Come my maisters, let vs share and then to horse before day, and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke.

*Prin.*



*The Historie*

*As they are sharing the Prince & Poynt  
Prin. Your money. set upon them, they all runne away, and  
Poin. Villaines. Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away  
too, leaving the bootie behind them.*

*Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeues  
are all scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare  
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, awaie  
good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth  
as he walkes along, wert not for laughing I should pittie him.*

*Poynt. How the rogue roard. Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus reading a letter.*

*But for mine own part my Lord could be well contented to bee  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

*He could be contented, why is hee not then? in the respect of  
the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.*

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, . . .  
Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to  
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we  
plucke this flower safetie.*

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have na-  
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too  
light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

*Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-  
low cowardly hind, and you lie: what a lacke braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true  
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an  
excellent plot, verie good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is  
this? why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the gene-  
rall course of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rascall  
I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my  
father, my vnckle, and my selfe; Lord Edmond Mortimer, my  
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower: is there not besides the  
Dowglas, haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the  
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-  
ward already? What a pagan rascall is this, an infidell? Ha, you  
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will hee to  
the King, and lay open all our proceedings? O I could deuide  
my*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke  
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we  
are prepared: I will set forward to night. Enter his Lady.  
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres.*

*Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?*

*For what offence haue I this fortnight bin*

*A banisht woman from my Harries bed?*

*Tel me sweet Lord, what ist that takes from thee*

*Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy goulden sleepe?*

*Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth?*

*And start so often when thou sittest alone?*

*Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?*

*And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee*

*To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?*

*In thy faint slumbers I by thee haue watcht,*

*And heard the murmur, tales of yron wars,*

*Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steed,*

*Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt*

*Of fallies, and retyres of trenches tents,*

*Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,*

*Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,*

*Of prisoners ransome, and of soldiors slaine,*

*And all the currents of a heddy fight,*

*Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,*

*And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,*

*That beads of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow*

*Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame*

*And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,*

*Such as we see when men restraine their breath,*

*On some great suddain heft. O what portents are these?*

*Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,*

*And I must know it else he loues me not.*

*Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?*

*Ser. He is my Lord, an houre ago.*

*Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?*

*Ser. One horse my Lord he brought euen now.*

*Hot. What horse, Roane? a cropeare is it not?*

*Ser. It is my Lord.*

*D I*

*Hot.*



*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Hot.* That roane shall be my throne. Wel, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saist thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene as you are toft with. In faith ile knowe your businesse Harry that I will, I feare my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foot I shal be weary loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answere me directly vnto this question that I aske, in faith ile breake thy little finger Harry and if thou wilt not tel me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mamnets, and to tile with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse: What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?

Wel, do not then, for since you loue me not

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay tel me if you speake in iest or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason where about, Whither I must, I must, and to conclude This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate, I know you wise, but yet no farther wise Then Harry Percies wife, constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy No Lady closer, for I well beleue Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know, And so far wil I trust thee gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far.

*Hot.*

*The Historie*

*Hot.* Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,

Whither I go, thither shal you go too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you,

Will this content you Kate?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Prince and Poinces.*

*Prin.* Ned, preethe come out of that fat roome, and sende me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poi.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prin.* With three or foure loggerheades, amongest three or fourescore hogsheades. I haue founde the verie base string of humilitie. Sirrha, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis, they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, and tel me flatly I am no proud Iacke like Falstafte, but a Corinthian, a lad of metall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am king of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breath in your watering they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficiēt in one quarter of an houre that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweete Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnderkinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life then eight shillings and sixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon sir, skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue a waie the time till Falstafte come: I preethe doe thou stande in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gaue me the sugar, and do thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may bee nothing but anon, step aside and ile shew thee a present,

*Po.* Frances.

*Prin.* Thou art perfect.

*Prin.* Frances.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomigarnet, Ralphe.

D 2

*Prin.*



*The Historie*

*Prin.* Come hether Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* How long hast thou to serue Frances?

*Fran.* Forsooth, fiue yeeres, and as much as to.

*Poi.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* Fiue yeare, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shewe it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my hart.

*Poin.* Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.

*Prin.* How old art thou Frances?

*Fran.* Let me see, about Michellmas next I shalbe.

*Poin.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon sir, pray stay a little my Lord.

*Prin.* Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, twas a peniworth, wast not?

*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had bin two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poin.* Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prin.* Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday; or indeede Fraunces when thou wilt. But Fraunces,

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Wilt thou rob this leathern Ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, sinothe tongue, spanish pouch?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prin.* Why then your brown bastard is your only drinke: for looke you Fraunces, your white canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What sir? *Poin.* Frances.

*Prin.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them cal.

*Here they both cal him, the Drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What standst thou stil and hearst such a calling? looke

to

*of Henrie the fourth.*

to the guests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, shal I let them in?

*Pri.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poin.*

*Poi.* Anon, anon sir. *Enter Poin.*

*Prince.* Sirrha, Falstaffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merrie?

*Po.* As merry as Crickets my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer: come whats the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors since the oulde dayes of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. Whats a clocke Frances?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Pr.* That euer this fellowe should haue fewer wordes then a Parrar, and yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and down staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percyes minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kils mee some fixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast: washes his handes, and saies to his wife, fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how manie hast thou kild to day? Giue my roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres some foureteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I preethe call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* saies the drunkarde: call in Ribs, cal in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poin.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bin?

*Falst.* A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Eare I lead this life long, ile sowe neatherstocks and mend them, and soote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*he drinketh.*

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes, if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3

*Falst.*



*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Falst.* You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too: there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worie then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward. Go thy waies old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhande in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer. I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wolsacke, what mutter you?

*Falst.* A kings sonne, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you hore son round-man, whats the matter?

*Falst.* Are not you a coward? aunswere mee to that, and Poinces there.

*Poin.* Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward by the Lord ile stab thee.

*Falst.* I call thee coward, ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I woulde giue a thousand pound I coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends, a plague vpon such backing, giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wipt since thou drunkst last.

*Falst.* All is one for that. *He drincketh.*

A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prin.* Whats the matter?

*Falst.* Whats the matter, there be foure of vs here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning

*Prin.* Where is it Iacke, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a rogue if I were not at halfe sword with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue scapt by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,  
my

*The Historie.*

my buckler cut through and through, my sworde hackt like a hand saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man al would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villains, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*God* Speake firs, how was it?

*Ross.* We foure set vpon some douzen.

*Falst.* Sixteene at least my Lord.

*Ross.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You rogue they were bounde euerie man of them, or I am a Iew else: an Ebrew Iew.

*Ross.* As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought you with them all?

*Falst.* Al, I know not what you cal al, but if I fought not with fiftie of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iacke, then am I no two legd Creature.

*Prin.* Pray God you haue not murthered some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, thats past praying for, I haue pepperd two of them. Two I am sure I haue paied, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tel thee what Hall, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse, thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my poynt, foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What foure? thou saidst but two euen now.

*Falst.* Foure Hal, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all a front, and mainely thrust at me, I made me no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen, why there were but foure euen now.

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Po.* I foure in Buckrom suites.

*Falst.* Seuen by these hilts, or I am a villaine else.

*Pr.* Preethe let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Falst.* Doeft thou heare me Hal?

*Prin.*



*The Historie.*

*Prince.* I, and marke thee to iacke.

*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

*Prince.* So, two more alreadie.

*Falst.* Their points being broken.

*Poy* Downe fell their hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two,

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was so darke Hal, that thou couldest not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lies are like their father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou boreson obscene greasie tallow-catch,

*Falst.* What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Pr.* Why, how couldest thou know these men in Kendal greene when it was so darke thou couldest not see thy hand, come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

*Po.* Come your reason, Iacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion: Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the rakes in the worlde, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentifull as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neatstong, you bulspizzle, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee, you tailersyard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, and when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons heare mee speake but this,

*Po.* Marke iacke.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, and bound them and were maisters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a worde,

*of Henry the fourth.*

worde, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea & can shew it you here in the house: and Falstalffe you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and stil run and roard, as euer I heard bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sworde as thou hast done? and then say it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Po.* Come, lets heare iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

*Falst.* By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you my maisters, was it for me to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true prince? why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince, instinct is a great matter. I was now a cowarde on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince: but by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money, Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrowe, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of golde, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What shall wee bee merrie, shall wee haue a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee thy running away.

*Falst.* A, no more of that Hal and thou louest me. *Enter hostesse*

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the prince!

*Prin.* How now my lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Ho.* Marry my Lo. there is a noble man of the court at doore would speake with you: he saies he commes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What maner of man is he?

*Host.* An olde man.

*Falst.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answere?

*Prin.* Preethe do iacke. *Fa.* Faith and ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are lions, to you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith I ran when I saw others runne.

*E*

*Prin.*



*The history*

*Prin.* Faith tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Bar.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spearegrasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeares ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away, what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No if rightly taken halter. Here commes leane iacke, here commes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long ist ago iacke since thou sawest thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee, when I was about thy yeares (Hall) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste, I could haue crept into anie Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague offighting and grief, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Thers villainous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North Percie, and he of Wales that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuel his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poynes.* O Glendower.

*Falst.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in lawe Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with his pistoll killes a sparrow flying.

*Falst.*

*of Henry the fourth.*

*Falst.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

*Prin.* Why, what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye vpon instinct: well hee is there to, and one Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as stinking Mackrel.

*Prin.* Why then, it is like if there come a hote Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob nailes, by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse I ad thou saiest true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way: but tell mee Hall, art not thou horrible asfearde? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three such enemies againe? as that fiend Dowglas, that spirit Percy, and that diuel Glendower, art thou not horribly asfraid? doth not thy blood thril at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit, I faith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Falst.* Well thou wilt bee horrible chidded to morrowe when thou comest to thy father, if thou loue mee practise an answer.

*Prin.* Do thou stand for my father and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Falst.* Shall I: content. This chaire shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

*Prin.* Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne for a pittifull bald crowne.

*Falst.* Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee nowe shalt thou be mooued. Giue me a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it maie bee thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in king Cambises vaine.

E 2

*Prin.*



*The history*

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Falst.* And here is my speech; stand aside Nobilitie.

*Host.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport ifaith.

*Falst.* Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

*Host.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,  
For teares do stop the floudgates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotrie plaiers as  
euer I see.

*Falst.* Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harrie, I doe not onelie maruaile where thou spendest thy  
time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the cam-  
momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth  
the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son  
I haue partly thy mothers worde, partlie my owne opinion, but  
chiefie a villainous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging  
of thy neather lippe, that dooth warrant me. If then thou bee  
sonne to mee, heere lies the poynt, why beeing sonne to me, art  
thou so pointed at: shal the blessed sunne of heauen proue a mi-  
cher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the  
sonne of England proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to  
be askt. There is a thing Harry, which thou hast often heard of,  
and it is knowne to many in our land by the name of pitch. This  
pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the com-  
panie thou keepest: for Harrie now, I do not speake to thee in  
drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure but in passion: not in words  
onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom  
I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What maner of man and it like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man ifayth, and a corpulent, of a cheerful  
looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble cariage, and as I thinke  
his age some fiftie, or birladie inclining to threescore, and nowe  
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*, if that man shoulde bee  
lewdly giuen, hee deceiue me. For Harry, I see vertue in his  
lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit  
by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that  
*Falstaffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now thou  
naughtie varlet, tell me where hast thou beene this month?

*Pr.*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Prin.* Dost thou speake like a king, dothou stand for me, and  
ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestical-  
ly, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rab-  
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare

*Prin.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand, iudge my maisters.

*Prin.* Now Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble Lord from Eastcheape.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee are greuous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord they are false: nay ile tickle ye for a yong  
prince I faith.

*Prin.* Swearst thou vngratious boy, hence forth nere looke  
on me, thou art violently carried awaie from grace, there is a di-  
uell haunts thee in the likenesse of an olde fat man, a tun of man  
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of  
humours, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell  
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloakebag of  
guts, that roasted Mannington Oxe with the pudding in his belly,  
that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that facher ruffian, that va-  
nity in yeares, wherein is he good, but to tast sacke and drinke it?  
wherein neat and clemly, but to carue a capon and eat it? wherein  
cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villa-  
nous, but in al things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you, whome  
meanes your grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abhominable misleader of youth, *Fal-*  
*staffe*, that olde white bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know.

*Prin.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I knowe more harme in him then in my selfe,  
were to say more then I know: that he is olde the more the pit-  
tie, his white haire doe witnesse it, but that he is sauing your re-  
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterlie denie: if sacke and sugar  
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be olde and merry be a sin,  
then many an old host that I know is damnd: if to be fat be to be  
hated, then Pharaos lane kine are to be loued. No my good lord  
banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish Paines, but for sweet Iacke



*The Historie*

Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, & therefore more valiant being as he is old Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I do, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe with a most monstrous watch is at the doore.

*Falst.* Our ye rogue, play out the play, I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

*Enter the hostesse.*

*Host.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Prin.* Heigh, heigh, the Deuil rides vpon a fiddle sticke, whats the matter?

*Host.* The Sheriffe and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to searce the house, shall I let them in?

*Falst.* Doeſt thou heare Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfet, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall coward without instinct.

*Falst.* I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sheriffe so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp, I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a halter as another.

*Prin.* Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue, now my masters for a true face, and good conscience.

*Falst.* Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sheriffe.

*Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now master Sheriffe, what is your wil with me?

*Sher.* First pardon me my Lord, A hue and crie hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known my gracious Lorde, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prin.* The man I do assure you is not here, For I my selfe at this time haue emploid him:

And

It

Item

Item an

Item bre

O mon

able deale

more adua

the morning

norable. Al

his death wil

paid backe a

morning an

Peto Goo

8

Mor. The



*The Historie*

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do shew  
I am not in the roule of commen men:  
Where is he liuing clipt in with the sea,  
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?  
And bring him out that is but womans sonne  
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,  
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke theres no man speakes better Welsh:  
He to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen Percy, you wil make him mad.

*Glen.* I can cal spirits from the vasty deepe.

*Hot.* Why so can I, or so can any man,  
But wil they come when you do cal for them

*Glen.* Why I can teach you coosen to command the Deuil,

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coose to shame the deuil,  
By telling truth. Tel truth and shame the deuil:  
If thou haue power to raise him bring him hither,  
And ile be sworne I haue power to shame him hence:  
Oh while you liue tel truth and shame the deuil.

*Mor.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry Bullenbrooke made head  
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of Wye,  
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him  
Booteles home, and weather beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in foule weather too,  
How scapes he agues in the deuils name?

*Glen.* Come here is the map, shal we diuide our right?  
According to our three fold order tane.

*Mor.* The Archdeacon hath diuided it,  
Into three limits very equally:  
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,  
By South and East is to my part assignd:  
Al westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,  
And al the fertile land within that bound  
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose to you  
The remnant Northward lying off from Trent,

These

F 1

And



*The Historie*

And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Which being sealed enterchangeably,  
(A businesse that this night may execute)  
To morrow coosen Percy you and I  
And my good Lord of Worcester wil set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shal we need his helpe these fourteen daies,  
Within that space you may haue drawne together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.  
*Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,  
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whom you now must steale and take no leaue,  
For there wil be a world of water shed,  
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

*Hot.* Me thinks my moiety North from Button here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours,  
See how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out,  
Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,  
And here the sinug and siluer Trent shall run  
In a new channell faire and euenly,  
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

*Glen.* Not wind it shal, it must, you see it doth.

*Mor.* Yea, but marke howe he beares his course, and runs mee  
vp with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed  
continent as much as on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea but a little charge wil trench him here,  
And on this Northside win this cape of land,  
And then he runs straight and euen.

*Hot.* Ile haue it so, a little charge will do it.

*Glen.* Ile not haue it altdred.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glen.*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Glen.* Why that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

*Glen.* I can speake English Lord as well as you,  
For I was traind vp in the English court,  
Where being but yong I framed to the harpe  
Many an English ditty louely well,  
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament,  
A vertue that was neuer scene in you.

*Hot.* Marry and I am glad of it with all my hart,  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Then one of these same miter ballet mongers,  
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,  
Or a drie wheele grate on the exle tree,  
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,  
Nothing so much as minsing poetry,  
Tis like the fore't gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come, you shal haue Trent turnd.

*Hot.* I do not care, ile giue thrice so much land  
To any well deseruing friend:

But in the way of bargaine marke ye me,  
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire,  
Are the indentures drawn, shal we be gone?

*Glen.* The moon shines faire, you may away by night  
Ile haste the writer, and withal  
Breake with your, wiues of your departure hence,  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit*

*Mor.* Fie coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

*Hot.* I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
And of a Dragon and a finles fish,  
A clipwingd Griffin and a molten rauens,  
A couching Leon and a ramping Cat,  
And such a deale of skimble scamble stuffe,  
As puts me from my faith. I tel you what,  
He held me last night at least nine houres  
In reckoning vp the seuerall Diuels names

F 2

That



*of Henrie the fourth.*

That were his lackies, I cried hum, and wel go to,  
But mark him not a word. O he is as tedious  
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,  
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue  
With cheefe and garlike in a Windmil far,  
Then feed on cates and haue him talke to me,  
In any summer house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull  
As mines of India, shal I tell you coosen,  
He holds your temper in a high respect  
And curbs himselfe euen of his natural scope,  
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does,  
I warrant you that man is not aliue  
Might so haue tempted him as you haue done,  
Without the tast of danger and reproofe,  
But do not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In faith my Lord you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience,  
You must needs learne Lord to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnes, courage, bloud,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you,  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdain,  
The least of which hanting a noble man,  
Looseth mens hearts and leaues behind a staine  
Vpon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Wel I am schould good maners be your speed,  
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

*Glen.* My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Sheele

*of Henrie the fourth.*

Sheele be a souldior to, sheele to the wars.

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy  
Shal follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers  
him in the same.*

*Glen.* She is desperate here,  
A peeuish selfewild harlotrie, one that no perswasion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Ladie speakes in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes, that prettie Welsh,  
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,  
I am too perfect in, and but for shame  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*The Ladie againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And thats a feeling disputation,  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learnt thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her Lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*The Ladie speakes againe in Welsh.*

*Mor.* O I am ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,  
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse,  
Making such difference twixt wake and sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heauenly harness teeme  
Begins his golden progresse in the east.

*Mor.* With all my heart ile sit and heare her sing,  
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

*Glen.* Do so, & those musitions that shal play to you,  
Hang in the aire a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shalbe here, sit and attend.

F.iii

*Hot.*



*The Historie.*

*Hot.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe,  
Come quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*La.* Goe ye giddy goose.

*The musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,  
And tis no maruaile he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musician.

*La.* Then should you be nothing but musically,  
For you are altogether gouerned by humors,  
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather heare lady my brache howle in Irish.

*La.* Wouldst thou haue thy head broken?

*Hot sp.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot sp.* Neither, tis a womans fault.

*La.* Nowe God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the Welsh Ladies bed.

*La.* Whats that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Here the Ladie sings a welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come Kate, ile haue your song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth, Hart, you sweare like a comfit-  
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as  
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:  
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes,  
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsbury:  
Sweare me Kate like a ladie as thou art,  
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper ginger bread  
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens,  
Come sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher,  
and the indentures be drawn ile away within these two houres,  
and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,  
As *Hot.* Lord Percy is on fire to go:

By

*of Henrie the fourth.*

By this our booke is drawne, wee le but scale,  
And then to horse immediatlie.

*Mor.* With all my hart.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,  
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neare at hand,  
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*  
I know not whether God will haue it so  
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,  
That in his secret doome out of my blood,  
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge for me:  
But thou dost in thy passages of life,  
Make me beleue that thou art onely markt  
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude societie  
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,  
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,  
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

*Prin.* So please your Maiestie, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,  
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge  
My selfe of many I am chargd withall,  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As in reproofe of many tales deuilsde,  
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs must heare  
By smiling pickthanks, and base newes mongers,  
I may for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*Kin.* God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,  
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost  
Which by thy younger brother is supplide,  
And art almost an allien to the harts

Of



*The Historie.*

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruind, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode,  
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tell their children this is he:  
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?  
And then I stole all curtesie from heaven,  
And drest my selfe in such humilitie  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,  
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,  
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a roabe pontificall,  
Nere seene but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous shewd like a feast,  
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.  
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royaltie with capring fooles,  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name  
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the pish  
Of euery bearded vaine comparatiue,  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enfeost himselfe to popularitie,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfetted with honie, and began to loath  
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little

More

*of Henry the fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seene,  
He was but as the Cuckoe is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: Seene, but with such eies  
As sicke and blunted with communitie,  
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.  
Such as is bent on sun-like maiestie,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eies,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eie-lids down,  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.  
And in that very line Harry standest thou,  
For thou hast lost thy princely priuledge  
With vile participation. Not an eye  
But is a weary of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it do,  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

*Prin.* I shall hereafter my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this houre was Richard then,  
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,  
And euen as I was than, is Percy now,  
Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthie interest to the state  
Then thou the shadow of succession.  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harnessse in the realme,  
Turnes head against the lions armed iawes,  
And being no more in debt to yeares, then thou  
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on  
To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes.  
What neuer dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,  
Holds from al souldiours chiefe maioritie  
And militarie title capitall.

G.1.

Through



*The history*

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,  
This infant warrior in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great Dowglas tane him once,  
Enlargd him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne,  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishops grace of York, Dowglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But wherefore do I tel these newes to thee?  
Why Harry do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,  
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Do not thinke so, you shal not find it so,  
And God forgie them that so much haue swaide  
Your maiesties good thoughts away from me.  
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,  
When I will weare a garment all of blood,  
And stain my fauors in a bloody maske,  
Which washt away shall scoure my shame with it,  
And that shal be the day when ere it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renowne,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,  
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,  
For every honor fitting on his helme  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled. For the time will com  
That I shal make this Northren youth exchange  
His glorious deedes for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,  
To engrosse vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

*of Henry the fourth.*

And I will call him to so strickt account,  
That he shall render euery glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
This in the name of God I promise heere,  
The which if he be pleasd I shall performe:  
I do beseech your maiesty may salue  
The long grown wounds of my intemperance,  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
Thou shalt haue charge and soueraine trust herein.  
How now good blunt thy lookes are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the businesse that I come to speake of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
That Dowglas and the English Rebels met  
The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsbury,  
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,  
If promises be kept on euery hand,  
As euer offred foule play in a state.

*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,  
With him my sonne Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
For this aduertisement is fife daies old.  
On Wednesday next, Harry you shall set forward,  
On Thursday we our selues will march. Our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire, by which account  
Our businesse valued some twelue daies hence,  
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet:  
Our hands are full of businesse, lets away,  
Aduantage feedes him fat while men delay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.*

*Fal.* Bardoll, am I not false away vilely since this last action?  
do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skinne hangs about  
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an oulde  
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent and that suddainly, while I am in

G 2.

some



*The history*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers Horse, the inside of a Church, Company, villainous company, hath been the spoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it; come sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poepe, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No ile be sworn, I make as good vse of it as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any waie giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be by this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not thinke thou hadst beene an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, theres no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bonfire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes, and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne and tauerne: but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty yeares. God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be hartburnt.

How

*of Henric the fourth.*

How now dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquired *Enter host.* yet who pickt my pocket?

*Hostesse.* Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke sir Iohn, doe you thinke I keepe theeues in my house, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant, the tigh of a haire, was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Yee lie Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd, and lost manie a haire, and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

*Ho.* Who I No, I desie thee: Gods light I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Go to. I know you well inough.

*Ho.* No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn, I knowe you sir Iohn, you owe me mony sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it, I bought you a douzen of shirts to your backe.

*Falst.* Doulas, filthie Doulas. I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii s. an ell, you owe mony here, besides sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you xxiii. pound.

*Falst.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He, alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what will you make a yonker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers worth fortie marke.

*Ho.* O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Falst.* How? the prince is a iacke, a sneakeup, Zbloud and hee were here, I would cudgell him like a dog if he would say so.

*Enter the prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing vpon his trunchion like a fife.*

*Falst.* How now lad, is the winde in that doore ifaith, must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

G.iii,

Prim.



*The Historie*

*Pr.* What saist thou mistress quickly, how doth thy husband?  
I loue him well, he is an honest man,

*Host.* Good my Lord heare me?

*Falst.* Preethe let her alone, and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou iacke,

*Falst.* The other night I fel a sleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this house is turn'd baudy house, they pick pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou loose iacke?

*Fal.* Wilt thou belecue me Hall, three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers,

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penie matter.

*Host.* So I told him my Lord, and I said I heard your grace say so: & my lord he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Ho.* Theres neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* Theres no more faith in thee then in a flued prune, nor no more truth in thee then in a drawn fox, and for womanhood maid marion may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

*Host.* Say what thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

*Ho.* I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Falst.* What beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter sir Iohn, why an Otter?

*Falst.* Why? shees neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art an vniust man in saying so, thou or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou saist true hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

*Host.* So hee doth you my Lord, and saide this other day you ought

*of Henrie the fourth.*

ought him a thousand pound.

*Prin.* Sirrha do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Falst.* A thousand pound Hall? a million, thy loue is worth a million, thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay my Lord, he cald you iacke, and saide hee would cudgel you.

*Falst.* Did I Bardol?

*Bar.* Indeed sir Iohn you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prin.* I say tis copper, darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Falst.* Why Hall? Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion, doest thou thinke ile feare thee as I feare thy father? nay and I doo, I pray God my girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirrha, theres no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fild vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket, why thou hore son impudent inboist rascall, if there were anie thing in thy pocket but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudie houses, and one poore peniworth of sugar-candie to make thee long winded, if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villain, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong, art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Doest thou heare Hall, thou knowest in the state of innocencie Adam fell, & what should poore iacke Falstafse do in the daies of villanie? thou seeest I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocker.

*Prin.* It appeares so by the storie.

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee, go make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghesse, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason, thou seeest I am pacified still, nay preethe be gone. *Exit Hostesse*

Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery lad, how is that answered?

*Prin.*



*The Historie*

*Prin.* O my sweet beoffe, I must still bee good angel to thee,  
the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labor.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father and may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and doe  
it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee Iacke a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I finde one that  
can steale well. O for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii, or therea-  
bouts: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offende none but the vertuous; I laude them, I  
praise them.

*Prin.* Bardoll,

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
To my brother Iohn, this to my lord of Westmerland.  
Go Peto to horse, to horse, for thou and I  
Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time,  
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple haule  
At two of clocke in the afternoone,  
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue  
Money and order for their furniture,  
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,  
And either we or they must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words, braue world hostesse, my breakfast come,  
Oh I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

*Per.* Wel said my noble Scot, if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas haue,  
As not a souldior of this seasons stampe,  
Should go so generall currant through the world  
By God, I cannot flatter, I do desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place  
In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe,  
Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the King of honor,  
No man so potent breaths vpon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Per.*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Per.* Do so, and tis wel, What letters hast thou there?  
I can but thanke you.

*Mef.* These letters come from your father.

*Per.* Letters from him, why comes he not himselfe?

*Mef.* He cannot come my lord he is grievous sicke.

*Per.* Zounds, how has he the leifure to be sicke  
In such a iustling time, who leads his power?

Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

*Mef.* His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

*Wor.* I preeche tel me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mef.* He did my Lord, foure daies ere I set forth,  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fearde by his Phisitions.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,  
Eare he by sicknesse had bin visited,  
His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Per.* Sicke now, droupe now, this sicknes doth infect  
The very life blood of our enterprife,  
Tis catching hither euen to our campe,  
He writes me here that inward sicknesse,  
And that his friends by deputation  
Could not so soone be draw n, nor did he thinke it meet  
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust  
On any soule remou'd but on his own,  
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduerisement,  
That with our small coniunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is disposd to vs,  
For as he writes there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly possist  
Of al our purposes, what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

*Per.* A perillous gash, a very limbe lopt off,  
And yet in faith it is not, his present want  
Seemes more then we shal find it: were it good  
To set the exact wealth of al our states  
Al at one cast? to set so rich a maine  
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre?  
It were not good for therein should we read

H 1.

The



*The Historie*

The very bottome and the soule of hope,  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuersion,  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what is to come in,  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Per.* A randeuous, a home to flie vnto  
If that the Diuel and mischance looke big  
Vpon the maidenhead of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had bin heere:  
The quality and haire of our attempt  
Brookes no deuision, it will be thought  
By some that know not why he is away,  
That wisdome, loialty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the Earle from hence,  
And thinke how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For wel you know we of the offering side  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop al sight-holes euery loope from whence  
The eie of reason may prie in vpon vs,  
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtain  
That shewes the ignorant a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Per.* You straine too far,  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise  
Then if the Earle were here, for men must thinke  
If we without his helpe can make a head  
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe  
We shal returne it topsie turuy down,  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioints are whole.

*Doug.* As hart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this tearme of feare,

*Enter sir Ro: Vernon.*

*Per.*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Per.* My cosen Vernon, welcom by my soule.

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worthe welcome lord,  
The Earle of Westmerland seuen thousand strong  
Is marching hetherwards, with him prince Iohn.

*Per.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further I haue leard,  
The King himselfe in person is set forth,  
Or hetherwards intended speedily  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shal be welcome too: where is his sonne?  
The nimble footed madcap prince of Wales,  
And his Cumrades that dast the world aside  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht al in Armes:  
All plumde like Estridges that with the wind  
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bathd,  
Glittering in golden coates like images,  
As ful of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sunne at Midsummer:  
Wanton as youthful goates, wild as young buls,  
I saw yong Harry with his beuer on,  
His cushes on his thighs gallantly armed,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an Angel drop down from the clouds,  
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more, worfe then the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues, let them come,  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyd maide of smoky war,  
Al hot and bleeding will we offer them,  
The mailed Mars shal on his altars sit  
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire  
To heare this rich reprizal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours: Come let me tast my horse,  
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales,

*H 2.*

*Harry*



*The Historie*

Harry to Harry shal hothorse to horse,  
Meete and neare partil one drop down a coarfe,  
Oh that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learnd in Worcester as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteene daies.

*Doug.* Thats the worst tidings that I heare of it.

*Wor.* I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be,  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of vs may serue so great a day,  
Come let vs take a muster speedily,  
Doomes day is neare, die all, die merely.

*Doug.* Talke not of dying, I am out offeare  
Of death or deaths hand for this one halfe yeare.

*Enter Falstaffe, Bardoll.*

*Falst.* Bardol get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of  
Sacke, our souldiours shall march through Weele to Sutton cop-  
hill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money capitaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottell makes an angel.

*Fal.* And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty  
take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto  
meet me at townes end.

*Bar.* I will capitaine, farewell.

*Exit*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my souldiours, I am a sould gurner,  
I haue misused the kinges presse damnable. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. souldiours 300. and odde poundes, I presse me  
none but good housholders, Yeomans sonnes, inquire me out  
contracted batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the banes,  
such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the  
Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Calliuer, worse  
then a stricke foule, or a hurt wild ducke: I presse mee none but  
such tostes and butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger then  
pianes heades, and they haue bought out their seruices, and  
nowe

*of Henrie the fourth.*

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieu-  
tenants, gentlemen of companies: slaues as ragged as Lazarus in  
the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores, and  
such as indeed were neuer souldiours, but discarded, vniust ser-  
uing men, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapsters,  
and Oflers, trade false, the cankers of a calme world, and a long  
peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged then an olde fazd  
ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue  
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke that I had a  
hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, latelie come from swine  
keeping, from eating drasse and husks. A mad fellowe met mee  
on the way, and tolde mee I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and  
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skarcrowes. Ile  
not march through Couentry with them, thats flat: nay, and  
the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had giues on,  
for indeede I had the most of them out of prison, theres not a  
shert and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe shert is two  
napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a  
Heralds coate without sleeues, and the shert to say the trueth  
stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper of  
Dauinty, but thats all one, theile find linnen inough on euerie  
hedge.

*Enter the Prince, Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prin.* How now blowne iacke, how now quilt?

*Fal.* What Hal, how now mad wag? what a diuel dost thou in-  
Warwickshire? My good Lo. of Westmerland, I cry you mercy,  
I thought your honour had alreadie bin at shrewesburie.

*West.* Faith sir Iohn tis more then time that I were there, and  
you too but my powers are there already, the king I can tel you  
lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

*Falst.* Tut neuer feare mee, I am as vigilant as a Cat to steale  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath al-  
readie made thee butter, but tell me iacke, whose fellowes are  
these that come after?

*Falst.* Mine Hall, mine.

*Prince.* I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

*Falst.* Tut, tut, good inough to tosse, foode for powder, foode  
H.iii, for



*The Historie.*

for powder, theile fill a pit as well as better; tush man mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I but sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

*Falst.* Faith for their poverty I know not where they had that, and for their barenesse I am sure they neuer learned that of me.

*Prin.* No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers in the ribs bare, but sir ha make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What is the king incamp?

*West.* He is sir Iohn, I feare we shal stay too long.

*Fal.* Wel, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast fits a dul fighter and a kene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Doug: Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so, lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good coosen be aduisd, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not my Lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel wel, You speake it out of feare, and cold hart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander Douglas, by my life, And I dare well maintaine it with my life, If well respected honor bid me on, I should as little counsell with weake feare, As you my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues, Let it be seene to morrow in the battell which of vs feares:

*Doug.* Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments Drag backe our expedition, certaine horse Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

*of Henrie the fourth.*

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day, And now their pride and inettall is a sleepe, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemie.

In generall iourney bated and brought low, The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth our, For Gods sake coosen stay till all come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king, If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome sir Walter Blunt: and would to God You were of our determination,

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some Enuy your great deseruings and good name, Because you are not of our qualitie, But stand against vs like an enemie.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so, So long as out of limit and true rule You stand against annointed Maiestie.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefes, and whereupon You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace

Such bold hostilitie: teaching his ducious land Audacious crueltie. If that the king Haue any way your good deserts forgot

Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your griefes, and with all speede, You shall haue your desires with interest And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind, and well we know the king Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay: My father, and my vncle, and my selfe, Did giue him that same royaltie he weares, And when he was not fixe and twentie strong, Sicke in the worlds regard; wretched and low

A



*The Historie.*

A poore vnminde outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace  
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,  
My father in kinde heart and pitie mou'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now when the Lords and Barons of the realme,  
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,  
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in Borroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stode in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, profferd him their oathes,  
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his vow  
Made to my father while his blood was poore  
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,  
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees,  
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Countrey wrongs, and by this face  
This seeming brow of iustice did he winne  
The hearts of all that he did a gle for:  
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
Of all the fauourits that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.

*Hot.* Then to the poynt.

In short time after he depos'd the king,  
Soone after that depriu'd him of his life,  
And in the necke of that taskt the whole state,  
To make that woorse, suffred his kinsman March  
(Who is if euery owner were well plac'd

Indeed

*of Henry the fourth.*

Indeed his king) to be ingagde in Wales,  
There without raunsome, to lie forfeited,  
Disgrac't me in my happy victories,  
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,  
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell boord,  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court,  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion droue vs to seeke out  
This head of safetie, and withall to prie  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so sir Walter, Weele withdraw a while.

Go to the king, and let there be impawnde  
Some surety for a safe returne againe,  
And in the morning early shal mine vnkle  
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and loue.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, sir Mighell.*

*Arch.* Hie good sir Mighell, beare this sealed brieft  
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,  
This to my coosen Scroope, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good Lord I gesse their tenor,

*Arch.* Like enough you do.

To morrow good sir Mighell is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch. For sir at Shrewsbury  
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
The king with mighty and quicke raised power  
Meetes with Lord Harry And I feare sir Mighell  
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,

I i.

And



*The history*

And comes not in ouerrulde by prophecies,  
I feare the power of Percy is too weake  
To wage an instant triall with the king.

*Sir M.* Why my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen,

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The speciall head of all the land together,  
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many mo coriuals and deare men  
Of estimation and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lo: they shalbe wel oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no lesse, yet needfull tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell speed:  
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the king  
Disinisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And tis but wisdom to make strong against him,  
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe  
To other friends, and so farewell sir Mighel. *Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloudily the sunne begins to peare  
Aboue yon buiky hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prin.* The Southren winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaues  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the loosers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester*

*King.* How now my Lord of Worcester, tis not wel,  
That you and I should meet ypon such tearmes

*of Henry the fourth.*

As now we meete. You haue deceiu'd our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in vngentle Steele,  
This is not well my Lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?  
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,  
And be no more an exhalde metcor,  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischief to the ynborne times.

*Worst.* Heare me my liege:

For mine own part I could be well content,  
To entertaine the lag end of my life  
With quiet houres. For I protest  
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not sought it, how comes it then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prin.* Peace chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your maiesty to turne your lookes  
Off fauor from my selfe, and all our house,  
And yet I must remember you my Lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends,  
For you my staffe of office did I breake  
In Richards time, and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,  
When yet you were in place, and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was my selfe, my brother and his sonne,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,  
And you did sware that oath at Dancaster,  
That you did nothing purpose against the state,  
Nor claime no further then your new false right,  
The seat of Gaunt, Duke dom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aide: but in short space  
It raine downe fortune showing on your head,  
And such a flood of greatnesse fell on you,



*The history*

What with our helpe, what with the absent king,  
What with the iniuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his vn lucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead:  
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,  
You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed  
To gripe the general sway into your hand,  
Forgot your oath to vs at Daneaster,  
And being fed by vs, you vsd vs so  
As that vngentle gull the Cuckoes bird  
Vseth the sparrow, did oppresse our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulke,  
That euen our loue durst not come neare your fight,  
For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing  
We were inforst for safety sake to flie  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head,  
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes,  
As you your selfe haue forge against your selfe  
By vnkind vsage, daungerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth:  
Sworne to vs in your yonger enterprize.

*King.* These things indeed you haue articulate,  
Proclaime at market Crosse, read in Churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changlings and poore discontentis:  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes  
Of hurly burly innouation,  
And neuer yet did insurrection want  
Such water colors to impaint his cause  
Nor moody beggars staruing for a time,  
Of pell mell hauocke and confusion.

*Prin.* In both your armies there is many a soule,  
Shall pay full dearly for this incounter  
If once they ioine in trial, tell your nephew  
The prince of Wales doth ioine with all the world

In

*of Henrie the fourth.*

In praise of Henrie Percy, by my hopes.  
This present enterprize set of his head,  
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,  
More daring, or more bold is now aliue  
To grace this latter age with noble deedes,  
For my part I may speake it to my shame,  
I haue a truant beene to Chiuallrie,  
And so I heare he doth account me too;  
yet this before my fathers maiestie,  
I am content that he shall take the oddes  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will to saue the blood on either side  
Trie fortune with him in a single fight.

*King.* And prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make against it: no good Worcester no,  
We loue our people well, euen those we loue  
That are misled vpon your coosens part,  
And will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea euery man  
Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his,  
So tell your coosen, and bring me word  
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,  
Rebuke and dread correction waight on vs,  
And they shall do their office. So be gone:  
We will not now be troubled with replic,  
We offer faire, take it aduisedly. *Exit Worcester.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted on my life,  
The Dowglas and the Hotspur both together,  
Are confident against the world in armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,  
For on their answere will we set on them,

And God befriend vs as our cause is iust. *Exeunt: manent*

*Falst.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell *Prince, Falst.*  
And bestride me so, tis a poyst of friendship.

*Prin.* Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship,  
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

L 3

Fal.



*The Historie*

*Fal.* I would twere bed time Hal, and all well.

*Prin.* Why, thou owest God a death.

*Falst.* Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day, what need I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor prickes nie on: yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then can honor set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in surgerie then? no, what is honor? a word, what is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire, a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no, doth he heare it? no, tis insensible the yea, to the dead but will not liue with the liuing; no, why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Enter Worcester, sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my nephew must not know sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* T were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vnder one, It is not possible, it cannot be.

The king should keepe his word in louing vs,

He will suspect vs still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults,

Supposition, al our liues shall be stucke full of eyes,

For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,

Who neuer so tame, so cherish and lockt vp,

Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters,

Looke how we can, or sad or merely,

Interpretation will misquote our lookes,

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherishd still the nearer death,

My nephewes trespass may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

And an adopted name of priueledge,

A hair-braind Hotspur gouerned by a spleene,

All his offences liue vpon my head

And on his fathers. We did traine him on,

And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

*of Henrie the fourth.*

We as the spring of all shall pay for all:

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know

In any case the offer of the King. *Enter Percy.*

*Ver.* Deliuer what you will, lie say tis so, Here comes your coosen,

*Hot.* My vnckle is returnd,

Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland,

Vnckle, what newes?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battell presently.

*Don.* Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry and shal, and very willingly. *Exit Don.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercie in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I tolde him gently of our greiuances,

Of his oath breaking, which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworne,

He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge

With haughtie armes this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne

A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,

And nephew, chalengd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to day.

But I and Harry Monmouth; tell me, tell me,

How shewed his tasking? seemd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soule I neuer in my life

Did heare a chalenge vrgde more modestly,

Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare,

To gentle exercise and prooue of armes.

He gaue you all the duties of a man,

Trinid vp your praises with a Princely tongue,

Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,

Making you euer better then his praise,

By still dispraising praise valued with you,

And which became him like a prince indeed,

He



*The Historie*

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he mastred there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly,  
There did he pause, but let me tel the world  
If he outliue the enuie of this day,  
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hotsp.* Coosen I thinke thou art enamored  
On his follies, neuer did I heare  
Of any prince so wilde a libertie,  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will imbrace him with a souldiours arme,  
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie,  
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, soldiours, friends,  
Better consider what you haue to do  
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue  
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now,  
O Gentlemen the time of life is short,  
To spend that shortnes basely were too long  
If life did ride vpon a diall point,  
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
And if we liue we liue to tread on kings,  
If die, braue death when princes die with vs,  
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire  
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

*Mes.* My Lord, prepare, the king comes on a pace.

*Hot.* I thanke him that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I professe not talking onely this,  
Let each man do his best, and here draw I a sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine  
With the best blood that I can meet withall.  
In the aduenture of this perillous day,  
Now esperance Percy and set on,  
Sound all the loftie instruments of war,  
And by that Musicke let vs all embrace,

For

*of Henrie the fourth.*

For heauen to earth some of vs neuer shall

A second time do such a courtesie.

*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with his  
power, alarme to the battel, then enter Douglas, and sir Wal-  
ter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name that in battell thus thou crossest me,  
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

*Doug.* Know then my name is Douglas,  
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought  
Thy likenesse, for in steed of thee king Harry  
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee  
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not borne a yeelder thou proud Scot,  
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge  
Lord Staffords death.

*They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus  
I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.

*Doug.* Als done, als won here, breathles lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This Douglas? no, I know this face full well,  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,  
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.

*Doug.* Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coates.

*Doug.* Now by my sword I will kill al his coates.  
He murder all his wardrop, peece by peece  
Vntill I meete the king.

*Hot.* Vp and away,  
Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

*Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Falst.* Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the  
shot here, heres no skoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you?  
sir Walter Blunt, theres honour for you, heres no vanitie, I am as

K 1

hot



*The Historie*

hot as molten lead, & as heaue too: God keepe leade out of me,  
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels, I haue led my  
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd, theres not three of my  
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes ende, to beg during  
life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What, stands thou idle here? lend me thy sword,  
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,  
whose deaths are yet vnreuengd. I preethe lend mee thy sword.

*Falst.* O Hal, I preethe giue me leaue to breath a while, Turke  
Gregoric neuer did such deeds in armes as I haue don this day,  
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:  
I preethe lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God Hal, if Percy be aliue thou gets not my  
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me, what? is it in the case?

*Falst.* I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.*

*Falst.* Well if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if hee doe come in  
my way so, if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make  
a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Wal-  
ter hath, giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honor comes  
vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn  
of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I preethe Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
Lord Iohn of Lancaster go you with him. (much,

*P. Iohn.* Not I my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your maiestie make vp,  
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent.

*King.* I will do so. My Lord of Westmerland lead him to his  
West. Come my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

*Prin.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

*of Henrie the fourth.*

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where staine nobilitie lies troden on,  
And rebels armes triumphe in massacres.

*Ioh.* We breath too long, come coosen Westmerland  
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit,  
Before I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn,  
But now I do respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,  
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for  
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

*Prin.* O this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Doug.* Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the Douglas farall to all those  
That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfetst the person of a King?

*King.* The king himself, who Douglas grieues at hart,  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met  
And not the verie king, I haue two boies  
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the field,  
But seeing thou salst on me so luckily  
I will assay thee and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfet,  
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a king,  
But mine I am sure thou art who ere thou be,  
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the king being in danger. Enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits  
Of Valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes,  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who neuer promiseth but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerly my Lord, how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay and breath a while,

K

Thou



*The Historie*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shewde thou makst some tender of my life,  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God they did me too much iniury,  
That euer said I harkned for your death,  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,  
Which would haue been as speedy in your end  
As al the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

*King.* Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit Ki.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prin.* Thou speakst as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Pr.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of the name;  
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Now shal it Harry, for the houre is come  
To end the one of vs, and would to God  
Thy name in armes were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater ere I part from thee,  
And al the budding honors on thy crest  
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight: Enter Falstaffe.*

*Falst.* Well said Hall, to it Hall. Nay you shall find no boyes  
play here I can telyou.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he fals  
down as if he were dead, the Prince  
killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life  
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

*They*

*of Henrie the fourth.*

They wound my thoughts worse then thy sword my flesh,  
But thoughts the slaues of life, and life times soole,  
And time that takes suruey of all the world  
Must haue a stop. O I could prophecy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue: no Percy thou art dust  
And food for.

*Pr.* For wonnes, braue Percy. Fare thee wel great hart  
Ill weaud ambition, how much art thou shrunke,  
When that this body did containe a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough, this earth that beares the dead  
Beares not aliue so stout a gentleman,  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie  
I should not make so deare a shew of zeale,  
But let my fauors hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,  
For doing these faire rights of tenderesse,  
Adiew and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewell,  
I could haue better sparde a better man:  
O I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie:  
Death hath not strooke so fat a Deere to day,  
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,  
Inboweld will I see thee by and by,  
Til then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit,*

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*

*Fal.* Inboweld, if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue  
to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zbloud twas time  
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and  
lot too. Counterfet? Ile, I am no counterfet, to die is to bee a  
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

K 3.

the



*The Historie.*

the life of a mā: but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth,  
is to be no counterfet, but the true & perfect image of life indeed.  
The better parte of valour is discretion, in the which better part  
I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Per-  
cy, though he be dead, how if he should counterfet too and rise?  
by my faith I am afraid hee woulde proue the better counterfet,  
therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why  
may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eies, and no  
body sees me: therefore sirrha, with a new wound in your thigh,  
come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince  
Iohn of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou fellest  
Thy mayden sword.

*Iohn of Lan* But soft, whom haue we heere?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eiesight?  
I preethe speake, we will not trust our eies  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

*Fal.* No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee  
not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percy, if your  
father will doe me anie honour, so: if not, let him kill the next  
Percie himselfe; I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can as-  
sure you.

*Prin.* Why Percy, I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Falst.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, howe this world is giuen to  
lying, I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was  
he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought along houre by  
Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd so: if not, let them  
that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vppon their owne  
heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the  
thigh, if the man were aliue, and would denie it, zounds I would  
make him eate a peece of my sword.

*Iohn.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,  
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

*Last line missing*

*Last line missing*



Sir,

In my lodgings at Flauwich I lately found this play. Observing it to be the first edition, I begged it of my landlord, although incomplete, on your account. If it should not be of use to You, I shall still be pleased with my Intentions; But if it is, I shall be better pleased; and most of all, if that use be such as may entertain or benefit the public; in which I for You smilingly concur with me.

I am with the highest esteem

Sir,



Your unknown but  
most obedient humble servant

July 26, 1757.

Humani Nihil ....

To David Garrick Esq.



